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are able to catch an idea of the truth. Thus, several figures of cherubs, which support the vase of holy water at the portal, the beholder imagines to be no larger than children of six years of age, till he walks up to them, and finds that they are six feet high. So also the figures of the Evangelists, which adorn the interior of the cupola, do not appear, from beneath, larger than life; while in truth, the pen in St. Mark's hand is six feet in length. Material greatness, indeed, is relative, and the standard by which we judge of magnitude must be not only just but uniform. Hence what is great anywhere else, is insignificant at Rome.

The central nave is eighty-nine feet in breadth, and one hundred and fifty-two feet in height; and is covered with a semi-circular vault, adorned with sculptures and gilded ornaments of various descriptions. Advancing up this immense aisle, the amazing magnitude of the edifice unfolds, and develops itself to the beholder, until at length he stands beneath the vast concave of the stupendous dome, and gazes upward, through a clear uninterrupted void, to the height of the interior of four hundred feet. Then he is overpowered by the sublime emotion which descends upon him from such inconceivable glories; and he shrinks into insignificance in the presence of this noblest production of human genius.

All the allusions to Angelo's private virtues which yet remain, made by his contemporaries, convey to us the general impression of his great personal worth, and the esteem in which he was deservedly held. Benvenuto Cellini, who was one of his most ambitious and irritable contemporaries, uniformly speaks of him in his Autobiography with respect, and very frequently uses the term "divine" when alluding to him. Thus Cellini records how Angelo directed an individual to himself, when wishing to have an Atlas bearing the world made upon a medal, accompanied with handsome praises of Cellini's skill, though they both labored at times in the same department of art; and when the medal was completed, it received from Angelo the highest praise. In that age of dissoluteness and scandal, when from the pontiff down to the lowest ecclesiastic, incontinence was a frequent vice; when virtue, in both sexes, was at a low estimate, and vice held at a high premium, and abashed by little shame; at a time, especially, when artists of every

school and grade were prominent for their licentiousness and contempt of virtue, Michael Angelo's name and reputation were unsullied by any breach of purity which has descended to the knowledge of posterity. In this respect, he presents a rare and commendable example; and that the more, when we remember the license for every indulgence which his pre-eminence in art, his universal fame, his favor with the great, and his very considerable wealth, would have secured him.

There is something inexpressibly imposing and sublime in the genius, the history, and the fame of Angelo. He is one of those few men whose gigantic powers produce the emotion of awe in the breasts of their fellow-men. His greatness and grandeur, whether in conception or execution, are involved in an air of mystery and majesty, which mankind are unable to understand or analyze. There is much, indeed, that is heroic in his history and achievements. He arose at a period when the fair Genius of Art was bursting with the elastic vigor of a renewed existence from her tomb of centuries; when she began to shake off the habiliments of oblivion and the grave, and array herself in the garb of fadeless youth and beauty. He bound himself to her as the chosen object of his soul's adoration, and ascended triumphantly with her to the highest and dizziest steeps of fame; whence, in affectionate embrace, they beheld the wonder, and inhaled the incense of an admiring world. His mighty mind revelled with equal ease in every domain of art; the products of his pencil, his chisel, and his compass, are regarded with equal praise in every habitation of civilized man. His fame continually extends with the advancing strides of human culture, whereby the domains of barbarism are invaded, and new conquests are made to the dominion of reason, of genius, and of taste.

CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.



APHAEL painted the Cartoons for the adornment of the Vatican, under the protection of Julius II. and Leo X., and sent them to be copied in tapestry in Flanders, at that time excelling in this work; but from a variety of circumstances, great delays occurred in the completion of this process, and they

were not finished till considerably after Raphael's death, and the sacking of Rome in 1527. The originals remained neglected in the work rooms of the manufactory owing to the revolution that soon followed in the Low Countries, which put an end to all encouragement of the fine arts. The seven Cartoons in question, however, escaped the wreck of others, which are preserved in different collections abroad. Rubens bought the seven and only perfect ones for Charles I., and Cromwell afterwards pawned them to the Dutch.

Then it was that they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, when being on their passage, the galleon was captured by an English vessel, and the chests or packages in which the Cartoons were deposited (containing, for the sake of concealment, muskets, &c.) were carried to Hampton Court, and placed in one of the attic chambers or scene rooms of the Great Hall of Audience, at that time fitted up as a theatre for the entertainment of King William's Court. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter of the crowned heads, having occasion for specimens of foreign military weapons to illustrate his warlike trophies, in the adornment of the palace, had recourse to this Spanish chest, as likely to afford patterns of weapons used by that nation in combat, and in his search at the bottom of the packages, he found some painted strips, which, on examination, his penetrating eye discovered to be these masterpieces of the immortal Raphael. From that moment, they have continued to be the pride and boast of the English nation, and but for this accidental circumstance, they might have remained in concealment until entirely destroyed.—*Note from Court and Times of George III.*

SONG—O ANSWERING EYES!

By Laura Elmer.

O ANSWERING eyes! O answering eyes!

I seek ye always—ever—
My way, as 'neath the midnight lies,
One wearisome endeavor,
To grope amid life's mystery;
My brain and heart both burning,
I seek ye wildly, weepingly—
I seek ye, never turning.

O answering eyes! O answering eyes!

I think on ye adoring;
O hasten—like soft stars arise,
The prayed-for light outpouring.
I'd recognize the slightest ray,
Premonitory gleaming—
O Heaven! how shades shall flit away,
When answering eyes are beaming.